

Just as I arrived in this capital of idlers an American sensation was fresh. Anne Wetmore, an American woman, had wearied out her paramour, Marquis Angelos—I think he was a Marquis—and had killed herself at the house of Lady Pelham Clinton. Everybody concerned was off-color. Yet all were known and of semi-social recognition in the English and American "colony," so-called, or Parisian Botany Bay.

At the American Legation the following particulars were given me of the above tragedy:

"Mrs. Wetmore," said my informant, "was about forty years old. The papers put her down at thirty, but she was forty—an interesting-faced woman. She belonged to New York, and had some, but slight means. Her position in the American colony was dubious because she had been divorced. The understanding was that her husband, probably a business man in New York, had taught her how not to walk straight, and that they had agreed to separate, and a Western divorce was clapped on them, meaning 'Free but not unpeopled.' Anne was rather interesting, and leading a gadding kind of life in Paris, she fell in with Lord Pelham Clinton, a person of say \$100,000, but did not introduce his wife to her. When she chose Madame sends down word that she respects, she has a slight form of chicken-pox or something meningitis.

In this detached relation, waiting for something in the way of income, social recognition, and admiration all to run up together, Mrs. Wetmore struck the come-uppance of Angeles.

Angeles belongs to the bad family of Paquet. Nearly all the Paquets are hard cases. One of the Paquets is a son of the town. This Paquet has the salary virtue of being extremely rich. He is, perhaps, worth \$300,000 to \$700,000, or about \$300,000 a year. He is a fool, with no sense but licentiousness, and has already been twice married.

Meeting Mrs. Wetmore, perhaps at Lady Clinton's, Angeles and she became interested in each other. They wrote often and fond letters. Nothing remains of the poor woman now but the correspondence, which ought to be published. It was a good letter, though it was not much. To hold him fast was the advice she received in the questionable quarters she frequented, and this accepted, led her to overcome her sense of shame and be Angeles' mistress, pending the divorce. He professed to be married, but she lied to him. His engagement ring was his agreeable. Her engagement ring was his agreeable.

Then, suddenly, he was again a married man. The bride was terrible, and she killed herself.

"Who was the other woman that got Angeles?"

"She was an American, too, Mrs. Wedhouse or Woodhouse. She was a South Carolina girl named King, who had a husband, a Frenchman, and a son, a Englishman named Woodhouse. She is also forty or so, bright, smart, and worldly, but not probably of much means. As soon as Henry Paquet became Marquis Angelos by the death of his elder brother, he became Marquis. A woman house lassoed him into marriage in an acquaintance of only a week or two. This confirms my statement that Angeles is an ass. He meant well by Anna Wetmore as long as she had power to seduce him.

When he was again a married man, he had to have a woman of some kind, and the last came best served."

"This is what you call a nobleman of the best Government that is?"

"Yes, he is a typical specimen of the Norman English nobility. As a Marquis he stands only below a Duke and above a Baron, Viscount, and Baron. All the social privileges are open to him."

"Will this thing hold?"

"Yes, some day will his wife move, and to a slight extent scratch in England and rather clashed among the Becky Sharps of the day. But, of course, an industrious defamatory of the dead rival will be once begun, and the Marquis will be a gallant gentleman that, of course like men of the world, he must have his mistress, that he treated the deceased parson generously and meant to make some provision for her, but that she was very mercifully sent to heaven, and that he would be a good husband to another."

"What did she get drunk?"

"It is said here that in the social glass was laid the foundation of her influence with Angeles, who runs it pretty regularly. Run enough, and a man can win the world over, names as the Prince of Wales, for example. The French are precise about their household lives; women are not rebellious in France; the poor excelled back of the scenes, and the rich out of the picture."

The English newspaper of to-day, the Telegraph, gives Anne's name and nothing, but does not print Angeles' name. The printer's cowardice in England shows before a nobleman's rage always, though he boast that just there is no impartiality."

"British married society better than French?"

"No. In the upper classes of French society the wives are generally correct in France. No public man here, nor man of reputation, political or social, can afford to be seen with a woman named as the Prince of Wales, for example. The French are precise about their household lives; women are not rebellious in France; the poor excelled back of the scenes, and the rich out of the picture."

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"How about American women in Paris?"

"They generally come here with and good intentions. But the tremendous fascinations of Paris often drive the spiritual out of their natures, and a woman sees so little of the world outside that loses her identity as our country women. Wine, delicacy, suds, and refined company, the drive, the easy and voluptuous, and sentimental range of conversation, produce a change in the woman, and a great loss of her originality by American opinion, by father, and husbands, and that very liberty is misconstrued here and is taken as a proof of pliable virtue. Besides, Frenchmen have abundant leisure, and American men sit tight. Therefore, the old adage, who is the dream of woman and the disappointment of the married life, is the natural expression of the French gentlemen. Therefore, Paris is a dangerous place for an American wife."

The couple who fall into matrimony with a French or German man, of title or position, and awakous to find that every figure of her liberty is gone. Being a foreigner's wife, she is a slave."

The above bits of conversation are composite, and are not to be laid to any official re-

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## SOCIETY CHAT.

sponsibility, but are rather the present public opinion of the vox-mind Americans held with however some things obtained in a brief conversation with members of our Legion at Paris.

"The matrimonial market, Gen. Noyes, is not good here as formerly?"

"Perhaps not. But have always pitied American girls that when they marry, and felt some indignation at parents permitting it. They are seldom happy marriages. I take it for granted every time I hear of such one that the lady has sacrificed herself. It is universally conceded here that Americans are the most amorous people in the world, and that we are the most chaste. They are not to walk straight, and that they had agreed to separate, and a Western divorce was clapped on them, meaning 'Free but not unpeopled.' Anne was rather interesting, and leading a gadding kind of life in Paris, she fell in with Lord Pelham Clinton, a person of say \$100,000, but did not introduce his wife to her. When she chose Madame sends down word that she respects, she has a slight form of chicken-pox or something meningitis.

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## MARK TWAIN.

## A TRAMP ABROAD—X.

## Art Studies—The German Language.

Whatever I am in art I owe to the best instructors in drawing and painting in Germany.

I have something of the manner of education of the Germans, which ought to be published.

They accept; they are exacting in their studies.

They are not only models of health and form, but educated, accomplished, and bright spirited. At marriage they must surrender both their money and liberty to their husbands, even while he has the command of the household, and lead up a provision, a papa's, to the expense of his wife.

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That paragraph furnishes a text for a few remarks about one of the most curious and notable features of my subject—the length of German words.

Some German words are so long that they require a perspective, or even a telescope, to see them.

That is the case with the following:

Generalstaatsverordnetenversammlungen.

These words are not words, they are alphabetical pieces of paper, which ought to be published.

They are not words, they are letters.

They are not words, they are numbers.

They are not words, they are names.

They are not words, they are titles.

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